

A River of Words

a collection of original poetry

by Mark Maxey



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Dharma Seeds Foundation
Post Office Box 61175
Oklahoma City, OK 73146-1175
<http://dharmaseeds.st-raphael-monastery.org>

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Winter Paths

Out of the corner of my eye
I saw the glimmer of the spark
that first took me by surprise
man....that was some thirty years ago

behind the mask of reality you still shine
the years have been easy on you
the lines around your eyes only highlight
the inspiration you bring to others

it seems like yesterday we took lunch
riding around laughing and listening to the Eagles
coming in late for fifth hour
and laughing about detention

remember the time we took our plunge
dancing all night at the prom
dreaming in the stars and just
holding each other so close

we said it would last forever
then the war took you and your family
away to distant lands
and the internet was not born yet
I wonder....late at night...what if....

now another war brings us together
standing with you and your kids
as you lay to rest your husband
of some 30 years

your young son looks like you
and your daughter is strong
like her dad was
and I ache for your pain

tomorrow is yet a sunrise away
our paths crossed for reasons
I know not for now
but I do know this

Out of the corner of my eye
I saw the glimmer of the spark
that first took me by surprise
man....that was some thirty years ago

The Stripling

day after day I would expect the gift
as a beggar would salivate at a morsel of food
it was mine, heaven on earth, the crowning jewel
each morning I would awake
and secretly look within for what was due...was belated

the aspirations lofty in a firmament of nebulous sighs
drifted in and out of my reality as I held back
what seemed to be exalted grandiose ideals
a journey that would lead to worldly adventures

I had read of others that took this journey
how I yearned for my chance at my chance
ambitions of gallant heroic sequences
which would lead me to my elusive goal

It was as though I was on a treasure hunt
except there was no map
no instructions
so I was caught in my own paradox

was I ready for this gift?, what would this gift bring me?
was I equal too for this magnitude?
this enigma of my own spun cocoon continued....for days....weeks....months

my solitary tactile sensation made me the ostracized, submerged inner veneration
did not assist, nor delay, nor hurry, just nothing
I was truly alone, to wait

the introductions to my becoming
what I did not know
but I did know
I had a gift that was waiting for me
somewhere....and soon....
my passage awaited for the curtain to rise
upon my dawning

12/08/2007

Sun and Moon

The sun and moon rose and set 8030 times before you were born
and another 7300 before we met
and only 50 times while you were here

But what are numbers

50 sunrises that I noticed that I was awake for
that shined its energy upon me
which seemed to nourish me to bloom again
...I wonder why I never saw the other 15,280

But what are numbers

Unless you count the days and nights
I don't hear from you
but those numbers are now more numb
than the first few days
and at times those 50 we shared gets blurrier and distant

But what are numbers

Unless you count the times my heart ached and choked and slowed as I tried to make
rhyme or reason out of those 50 which seem to not matter to one

But what are numbers

And I suppose 50 out of 15,330 is just a blip on the radar screen and that the other
15,280 should count for more

But what are numbers

And I suppose that the estimated 31,025 times you will see sunrises and sunsets will
mean more to you than the 50 we shared or so it seems since you stopped including
me in those numbers

But what are numbers

So if you take the 15,280 and divide that by 50 we shared really means that those 50
missing meant nothing to you...But I have to ask why those 50 seem so more vibrant

to me than the other 15,330
I saw before your 7300 that led to our crossing paths and
If you take 15,330 minus 15,280 that leaves 50 that I don't understand and may
never

But what are numbers

Those 50 to me were days filled with dreams I thought would make the other 31,025
different
but it seems that those 50 get lost within the sum of it all and end up being a minus
for one

But what are numbers

Unless you are using the numbers that travel down cables and poles and underground
to my phone that is now silent I have to say now, what are numbers that don't
matter to one?

01/12/2005

08AUG2004

it was afternoon
chai tea and sushi
in a quaint St. Louis eatery
she spoke
"yeah that nasty public bathroom came in handy"
the tapestry of Asian food, Indian tea and nasty restrooms
the sky was blue and the moment had rhythm

sidewalk illusions melting into the cobblestone
transitory thoughts dripping into the cracks
merging with century old dreams
translucent rainbows

and in the silence is an essence
yet to be spoken by lips I have yet to meet
dreaming of new illusions to dance with
out on the sidewalk he talks to his father on the cell phone
while the music plays upon mounted speakers inside the gay bar

slowly ice melts in my water glass
and it was then the ash fell and I awoke
to another cobblestone dream I've yet to explore

and then you called
he left out the door on his journey with you
it just is
no expressions
no thoughts today
it just is
another cobblestone road
and off we go

08/08/2004

A Daughters Hand

petite fingers slid out of my hand
she walked away and her life began
I was there for her beginnings
a tear fell for I knew she was on her own
my little girl all grown up
she is her own woman now
a window of time has opened now

rocking her to sleep in the middle of night
when all her fears seemed so big
brushing her hair to make her pretty
walking her to the bus stop hand in hand
and when her fingers slid out of my hand
and she walked up the steps of the bus
that is when I knew

petite fingers slid out of my hand
she walked away and her life began
I was there for her beginnings
a tear fell for I knew she was on her own

the night she got off the phone
all giddy and smiling for joy
her first date with a boy I did not know
she did not ask me what to wear
nor did she need me to talk it over
and it was then I knew in my heart

petite fingers slid out of my hand
she walked away and her life began
I was there for her beginnings
a tear fell for I knew she was on her own

someday soon as I lay in bed
and take the last breath for which I am granted
she will take my hand and hold it tight
and then will I remember when...

her petite fingers slid out of my hand
as she walked away and her life began
I was there for her beginnings
a tear fell for she knew I was always there

03/19/2005



A FIRE CRACKLES

the fire crackles embers fly
and in your eyes a million miles away
I caught a glimpse carried away upon your music
she played the harp plucked from within her soul

blue shoes...worn jacket you look for your last meal
hands buried inside your pockets where no money has been
blue stocky hat restricted flow

a book upon his lap his lips move between his salt and pepper beard
moves his hand in reply to a question not asked

the a sip of my hot tea cinnamon and spice lingers within my mouth
temped more than once to look into your eyes
that hide between long bang hairs

he turns the grinder on another cup of espresso awaits the somber crowd
as they listen to Celtic harmonies upon a harp

two lads and lasses tromp over the dale
a creek runs over nearby
love so strong beats from their groin
two lambs are slaughtered for evening meal
as two new bonds create a dream for another day another place
...another awaits

where two empty chairs wait for me this cold winter night
I rest my pen down upon the page and listen for a clue, for a note, for a song
it can't wait for its written in the news
of what I missed or passed by or let escape,
but tonight I let her music carry me away and beyond

beyond the melodies where music does not exist nor it does...or so it seems

so I sit and sip my hot tea
and let her guide me into the moment

and in her eyes a million miles away I can sit and listen,
for her words this cold winter night

my tea is my song her music awakes me from my sleep

12/04/2004

Buffalo Soldiers

The dichotomy strangles reason
upon walls memorialized marble has etched words
honoring those killed by Indians
around the corner is the bronze statue

reverence paid to bronze colored soldiers
denied rights by their country
but able enough to slaughter
other bronzed skinned natives

upon both sides my family legacy lies
both sides fought for their children
both sides lost...both sides I shall always stand

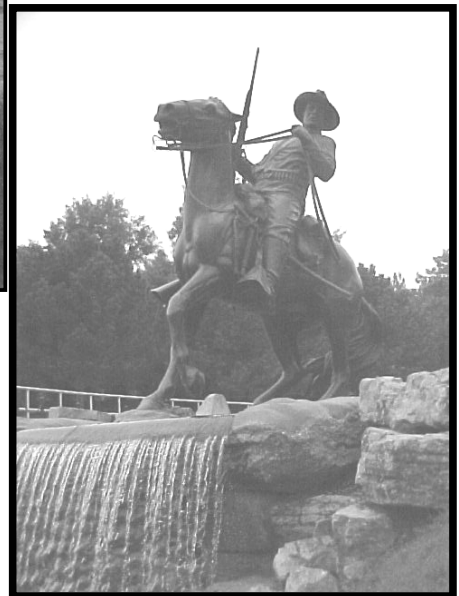
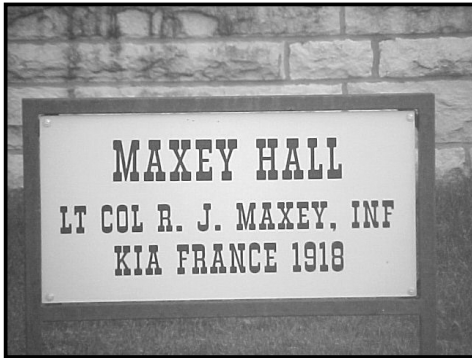
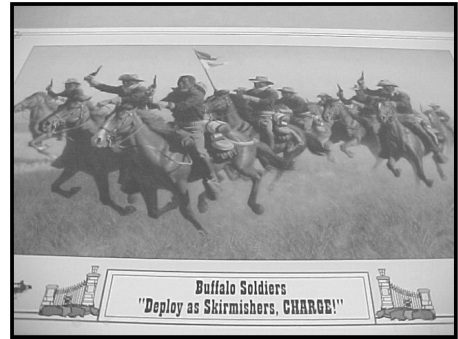
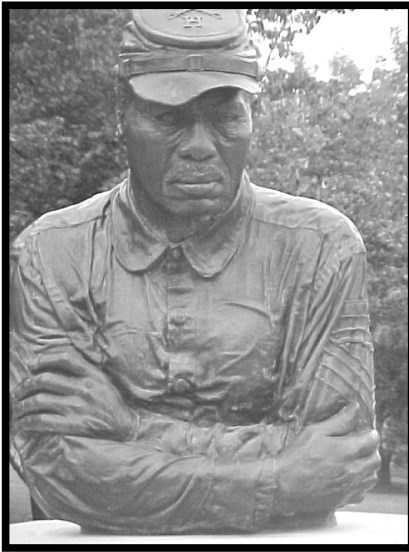
in a sacred dwelling 127 years old
a new beginning is started
upon ground my family's history is planted
a blocks away my families name is eulogized
but upon the chapel walls
my other family names are not mentioned
just their race

in the quiet wooded park
where water stands still
an observer of history it is
but never can it wash away
the sins

a butterfly flaps it wings
to fly away to its freedom

how I wish I could be that butterfly
wrapped around so many colors
yet free to live as it is

08/21/2005



EVENING SHADES

Twilight closed its last goodbye
waited upon with baited breath
one can say it's a dubious match
for what others will turn aside

formal conclusions can't be sung
nor can it be read
as a wise man thinks upon the rock
so does the planned return

warmed by comforting thoughts
arisen only to mask the moment
it turned aside as if not to comment
and frozen within the idea of mixed beliefs

horizon's lure is somewhat obliged
to bow down and take its place
but to us...it never gets the glory
as does the final goodbye

somewhere in a distant land
a small insignificant war
wages upon the noble people
and again it seems we aren't aware

where does one get the notion
that what is not seen does not exist
but even to the smallest of creatures
the air we breathe is for them as well

final goodbyes are only a rhyme of time
for in a circle of life...it comes around again
so best beware of what is said
for tomorrow those thoughts do arise

02/27/2005

Gypsy Waistland

Your tight blue torn jeans glided down the brick wall
where you stood with your wife beater white against the cumbersome wall
guitar in hand your eyes squinted out the bright sun
Mr. bob Dylan you said you were
and who would have second guessed

you said you lived in a Wal-Mart wasteland
moved back into a hole in the wall from a rat infested shoe box called New York City
picturesque as it was...artist living the dream of wayfarer bohemians
I was there too...vaguely remembered...as a drug hazed dream
you standing in a waist high overgrown weed field
in some industrial setting
perfect blue sky background amidst the NYC high-rise skyline
time stood still with each second the clock turned backwards to my youth

clouds passed by as a five-o-clock mad rush of traffic
child like charm in a red hued world
a single kite flew in the air with expressed smiles from a lad
the sky was the limit on imagination
among the foreign language spoke by gypsy women mixing food
in the cobblestone parkway I called home
wearing my corduroy pants I liked to touch and rub and feel each ribbed line
tight black suspenders over my pale white shirt
and a matching fedora my old grandfather gave me before he died playing poker

I heard your voice as I played in the street, sitting on the steps of a hot box apartment
lyrics you sang told a story which took me away from this inner city infestation
I wanted to close my eyes and dream your songs

05/08/2005

Imaginary Lines

Sitting on the park bench secretly wishing for you to come
and join me in some play but that just was not an option
all because of the imaginary lines

imaginary lines one does not cross even deep down we want to jump over
to the other side...sides of prejudice just keep things all along an imaginary line

school bus full of students all lined up in perfect rows
of color and persuasions it was if we knew it to be true
but never once did we cross that line

imaginary lines one does not cross even deep down we want to jump over
to the other side...sides of prejudice just keep things all along an imaginary line

same tests taken same lessons studied even in biology it was so simple broken down
to the core of truth but we were blinded by the lies of the elemental dis-illusion

imaginary lines one does not cross even deep down we want to jump over to the
other side

sides of prejudice just keep things all along an imaginary line

there we are in a line again this time we all are the same
rifle in hand and the enemy ahead and the bullet misses me and hits you
all because of some disappointed line that bullet should have been mine

imaginary lines one does not cross...even deep down we want to jump over to the
other side

sides of prejudice just keep things all along an imaginary line

when it is all over and all we have are memories you will be six feet under waiting
for me

dust to dust we shall both become and in a line of marble markers
the color difference won't matter and by then it will be too late

imaginary lines one does not cross
even deep down we want to jump over to the other side...sides of prejudice
just keep things all along an imaginary line

03/21/2005

LINOLEUM TABLE

Beneath the yellowed ceiling
on an old linoleum table
tucked away underneath
a small boy paints and draws

Saturday afternoon visits
each week to his grandparents
his grandmother was an artist too
but for him...drawing is an expression
not only of the moment...but what is inside his head

with his tongue sticking out towards the side
his legs crossed as he bares down upon the pad
with bright colors of red, brown and blue
a forest is waiting to be brought to life

upon the stove a tea kettle expels a whistle
his grandmother comes in and does not see
that under her table is an exotic forest
with tigers and lions waiting in the tall grass

another week goes by and the boy is in class
while the homework is explained
his mind wanders away
towards the vivid scenes inside his head
that awaits the release at grandmother's house

a small black jack terrier awaits his pets
a tail swags back and forth behind the screen door
and up comes a lil boy with the art satchel in hand
another day for travels underneath the linoleum table

02/27/2005

PPM

When you have a day off and time is on your side
you find your mind wandering all over this land

found the old albums on the shelf went back to a time when I was just a lad
it was the 60's and I was not aware of the troubles or woes that faced our nation
but I did know that listening to folk music made my heart glow
today I listened again to Peter Paul and Mary it was 1964 and their live album was
my pride and joy

the tears of memories fell from my face my heart grew with a better understanding
and the woes we faced then...in the 1960's still face us today

I wonder... if I could sail away again with Jackie Paper and Puff
if I had a hammer...I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning,
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters, All over this land...
and today I wonder where that hammer is

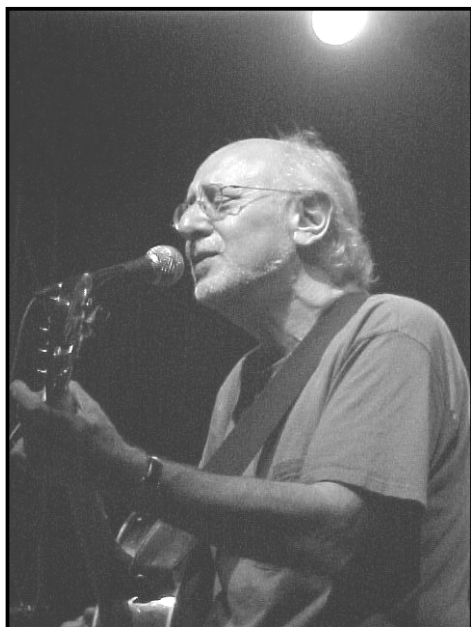
just this weekend I was down in Dallas, Deep Ellum was the land of street people
and I remembered 500 miles not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name
Lord I can't go a-home this a-way this a-away, this a-way, this a-way, this a-way,
Lord I can't go a-home this a-way. and still today 500 miles away...shirtless people
exist
they have not a penny to their name and they seem forgotten
have we forgotten our love we had in the 1960's?

and when they sang Dylan's Blowin in the Wind, How many times must a man look
up
before he can see the sky? How many ears must one man have before he can hear
people cry?
how many deaths will it take till he knows that too many people have died?
today on the news another 20 year old died in war and still that question hits you
hard...

how many deaths will it take till he knows... why do we not know this answer yet....

as a poet today...I understand oh so well my voice came from the folk music I
listened to
as yet a wee tow headed boy in the 60's laying on the carpet and playing the records
on our Sears stereophonic player and today I wonder why
I have not picked up the hammer or asked the questions....

02/21/2005



FINAL FAREWELL--THE SHOWS OVER

Normalcy halts at the last breath
and the phone rings with emergent voices
news flowed down the lines which told
of your passing with no April Fools play
simply put...you passed in the night

morning coffee did not seem right
traffic on the way to work was not normal
the signs were there and even on the news
the pope was joining you soon
fitting or not there was some ironic static

a few years apart in age yet we grew up
in the same fantasies of the arts and crafts
me with the more business side
you with the technical side
our passing between shows in the same venues
we would sit and talk of family issues
all the while laughing at the insane ways

even this weekend I could not bid you farewell
as I was caught up with my own gigs and such
not enough time to rearrange my commitments
but even in this...I was living as you would have liked
up on stage again...behind the curtains before the show
too many times we had shared in those moments

last time we met was at our aunt's funeral
we said we would catch back up and stay in touch
but now that falls upon dead ears, and I am left with only memories

cousins estranged by family drama
is now estranged by a veil I have not pierced
sail on my friend Doug...gaff some new shows
in a far away venue that I know not when I will play there
but maybe then....yes maybe then
we can catch up and stay in touch
outside of memories that are lessened
by you're not being here to enjoy them with me

04/02/2005



THE TOUR

Lonely bus station, somewhere near Des Moines
while she slept her son wondered off

city to city she travels
in search of her tow headed son,
and under the moonlight
a cold august night,
her songs can be heard
while she looks for her son

endless highways blacktop roads,
tires spin in circles just as her mind
she wants her lad but where did he go

city to city she travels
in search of her tow headed son,
and under the moonlight
a cold august night,
her songs can be heard
while she looks for her son

each whistle stop each stage a spotlight
a guitar in hand she serenades the crowds
in the shadows her eyes do glance
looking for her son whom she'll never find

city to city she travels
in search of her tow headed son,
and under the moonlight
a cold august night
her songs can be heard
while she looks for her son

one night in some small rural town
a tow headed teen steps up to the mic
he belts out a tune and strums his guitar
singing of a mother he wished he could find

city to city he travels
in search of his red headed mother,
and under the moonlight
a cold august night,
his songs can be heard while he looks for his mum

02/17/2005



Wash it Away

He stands under the falling water
head cocked back absorbing it all
in a dark tiled unlit shower
he is washing it away

emotions swirl down the drain
he imagines the abuse washing away
going down the drain
and hopefully the memory as well

swirling memories are strenuously scrubbed
a little boy standing alone
within a darkened tile shower stall
hoping the water will cleanse him

the softened wrinkled young skin is wet
his short outstretched hands await the water
as if his naked body is an offering
his young back is arched to absorb
all the water he can cling to

tuft of short brown hair is matted
dripping water going down towards the drain
mixed with salty tears of shame
he whispers his prayer
“wash it away, wash it away, wash it away”

10/20/2005



WHY FOR A HUNDRED TIMES OVER

Why do we seek so much glory
in a land so full of the breaking news
we want to paint ourselves up
and play a game to impress no one
and when it's said and done
there is always more said than done

we all identify with the 60's
and remark on the message it shed
but we seem to be in love with this mystique
and not ever live out those dreams

too many young men and women
are coming home in a pine box
we talk of social ills we want to overcome
but we seem to stand on the soap box
when others are dying in the streets

it only takes a spark to get a fire going
and it takes an outreached hand to lift someone up
we need to just stop...and look around
and see what a difference we can make
and begin to do something about it

some say they aren't in it for fame
some say they want to make people see
the hope that there is for the world around them
but it's always words
and never some action

why for a hundred times over
when it only takes a stand
or a reach out to make amends
I say lets do something about
and make our lives worth every second
and put it all behind us
and move on to a new ground

why for a hundred times over

03/03/2005

Bond of Past Mistakes

simple words exchanged in small talk meant to go deeper than before
no one could even dare mock what one held back in truth

shared reasons of past mistakes explanations fell not upon deaf ears
a new beginning is what we make paved by so many forgotten tears

abandoned and left alone a sharp knife is all I have
my offered blood is meant to atone from a world all gone mad

shared reasons of past mistakes explanations fell not upon deaf ears
a new beginning is what we make paved by so many forgotten tears

caged up like an animal left behind miles count the distance
all for a crossed line I look up for some assistance
but all I have is time

shared reasons of past mistakes explanations fell not upon deaf ears
a new beginning is what we make paved by so many forgotten tears

expected love never returned spoken by lips yet to be kissed
broken promises never learned all pain wrapped up in a list

shared reasons of past mistakes explanations fell not upon deaf ears
a new beginning is what we make paved by so many forgotten tears

brothers in arms or in pain we shared so much its not a lie
it's up to us now to make it sane or do we simply offer up a final good bye

shared reasons of past mistakes explanations fell not upon deaf ears
a new beginning is what we make paved by so many forgotten tears

05/22/2005

FATE RULES

A numbered card held high, the emcee called his name
he sauntered up to the microphone with assured yet humble body language
while inside his mind he switched poems that was about to be performed
the hands of time reflected 9:30pm in St. Louis that night
he closed his eyes; stepped back from the microphone, and inhaled
he begun with the song "Precious Lord Take My Hand"...
unbeknownst to him or the audience, that back home in Oklahoma
his grandmother took her last breath

she was there in that moment, she watched her grandson compete in finals

what made him change his poem?
what made her take her last breath at that moment?
why were we all allowed to watch a moment that will never be forgotten?

a week later I sat in a pew by the back of a church where she will be eulogized
statements and stories reflected upon her character
that lives on through her grandchildren, and specifically my friend
in his character, the way he relates to life I begun to see her reflection
from our mentors we adorn ourselves with clothes of values
these ageless themes of values get passed down generation to generation

and I ask

why I am there that day at the church?
how did I deserve a friend I could support in his time of sorrow?

and now I am up on the mic spewing words, why am I here?
why are you there in the audience listening?
what will you do with ideas poets spew out?
why do ordinary people get the gift of writing poetry?

it is fate

but now what do we do with this fate?
how do we embrace it to impact lives positively day after day?

that answer my friend....is YOUR fate

08/10/2004

OH COME TEARS

Oh come to me my tears stream down my face upon the ground that is hard
soften it again let me bring forth a new harvest.

Sweat soaked through his tan brown work shirt. In the middle was a warm wet spot
caused by his hard work
in the sun, beside the garden. From his face fell several drops of sweat that softened
the dry parched
dirt garden. He prepared the ground for a fall harvest.

I loved to play in the garden as he worked in my youth. He was a master of his craft.
I loved that
and in his gardening I learned one of life's most elusive secret. His own wet, watery,
sweat
prepared the ground for a new fresh beginning.

I only saw him cry once and that was for 1 minute.
Which was 3 hours before my grandmothers funeral, I never saw him cry again.

Yet for me, I have always cried. I was not afraid to let my emotions show .
To let my feelings be known or expressed and yes, I've cried during my darkest
sorrowful moments of my life.

I've cried when I was emotionally separated from my family as a child.
I cried when I did not get the A on a test I studied so hard on. I cried when I was not
picked to be on the team.

I've cried when I read of how young men died in war and never got to live as old as I
was.

I've cried when I have done things I wished I had not done. I've cried because I felt I
did not belong.

I've cried because I felt I was not liked or accepted by my peers. I've cried because
the love I had as a teen was not accepted by society. That made me feel I was not
like anyone else and that I had no place in society.

I've cried when I got a new car after not driving for 7 years. I've cried when I got a
job when I thought no one would hire an ex felon. I've cried when I celebrated 4
years on that job. I've cried when I won \$900 from a radio station. I've cried when I
used that money to meet a living spiritual master. I cried when she stopped and took
my hand in hers and made me feel I was worthy of living. For those of you who I am
close too know that I've cried when I recently lost a friend that meant so much to me

Yet tears have been good for me. While I know that being male, it can be said of
crying is not masculine.

After all I only saw my grandfather cry once and only once by my father.

Three hours after my grandfather was found dead.

When I neglect or repress my feelings, out of fear or pride, I keep the most precious
gift

from being realized. Those natural forces of tears, soften my own dry parched
ground called my life.

My tears, I've come to realize, accept, and embrace willingly.

They are softening my inner earth for a fresh harvest of joy and new beginnings.

I want to cry, I will cry, I will always cry as long as I am ALIVE. Oh come to me my
tears, stream down my face upon the ground, that is hard. Soften it again, let me
bring forth a new harvest.

09/20/2004

TALKING TO GOD

In the fields behind my house weeds high enough to cover my head
it was there I first talked to God as the weeds whooshed with the wind
I heard his voice...it was soft and deep
but each word spoken was this melodic sound soothing my soul
I heard his voice and in his voice I found myself

memories abound of those conversations we had
he would ask of my day, give me hope when I was down. He was my best friend

in time when I spoke openly of these
I was ridiculed
said to have an over imaginative mind when I told him this...he cried

as tears flowed and mixed with mine that river of tears separated me from that
commune

in my teens I cried out again to him praying for answers that didn't come my way
alone...disgusted...dismayed..and mad
for it seemed he abandoned me

teenage rebellion sat in as if to show him my hurt
but it only ended in self inflicted wounds bleeding uselessly

in time I found my answers within hidden deeply past my self wounded scars
where god had placed them years ago before my birth

today I hear his voice...through my friends...nieces ...songs...and poetry

his voice still soothes me as a child resting within my grandmother's arms

his voice can be heard in..., Langston Hughes
Sigur Ros and many new found friends
and his voice can be heard in you, do you hear his voice?

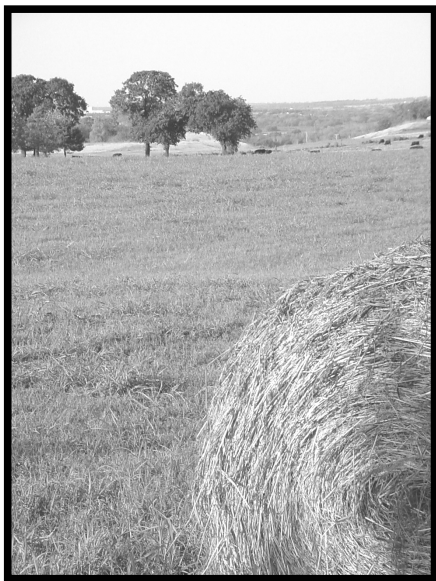
and yes at times, I get lost within the dance of life and loose my hearing when I look
at you as mine

to hold, not sharing with anyone and it is then
I remember his voice must be shared and not kept alone

so remember like me to listen to his voice, in the everyday of life in those who cross
our paths
and if you do...your life will be deeper than ever before

listen
be still and know I am god...be still and know be still...be...

11/02/2004



THE PORCH

sitting outside on the porch a few friends, a few beers
a small quaint breeze wafers in with a familiar smell a familiar feeling
upon that porch that many have shared in once you were there but now
just a quaint breeze of familiarity

gone but not forgotten not present but remembered
some day you might be back upon that porch

new conversations without your input but that does not bother me
for one day a new conversation might include you
and who knows how that will inspire us

I bet at times you sense that breeze of familiarity tho 1000's of miles away
but that is the synchronicity of life

the thread that weaves hope and joy into the fabric of our lives...friends do that

so let me sip on my beer...light up another cigarette and relax
and let that breeze remind me of you again

that porch hold so many memories you wanted to be a musician
you spoke of how you practiced for hours you spoke of your dreams
that now linger upon the wood frame of that porch

you sat upon those concrete steps and spoke quietly of missing some friend
you desired a new girlfriend..but dammit that was not happening

you crossed the threshold of his house and life was never the same for you
you got rid of the demons that plagued your soul for years you cried a river of
healing upon that couch and you spent countless hours re-arranging magnetic poetry
placed upon the refrigerator written in a stoned state

many thresholds on many levels you crossed while you were here

but yet we still sit upon that porch and your familiar breeze lingers
and many sit in quiet ... remembering and hoping someday you'll be back

to sit upon the porch and share that moment with so many friends
the porch is a mysterious structure that holds so many memories for all of us

07/14/2004

Remnants

pebbles exposed from the concrete bridge,
where in the corner, near the top
slept the young man

forgotten dreams dripped from his cheek
left alone to fight dreams abandoned by his grandfather
nomad lad leaving nothing exposed to the weather,

his



world crumbles as does the bridge he sleeps under
on the road lies a dead armadillo, an offering to the crows

the dark night winds are his mentors
solicited sonatas dances through the branches
black asphalt paths trampled by the masses
that lead nowhere

and in the crumbled pieces
a remnant only seen by the lad
left alone...abandoned for another
he sees what others have forgotten

in overgrown grass fields...mushroom expressions await his steps
and through the dark clouds a light, blue green rays
escape from the east horizon
beckons his attention

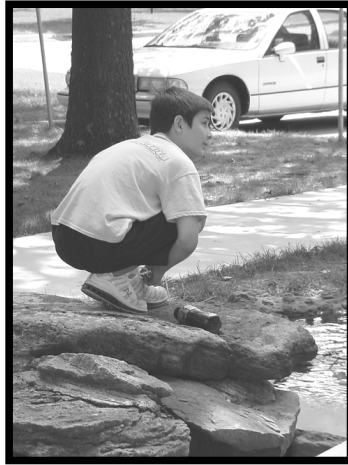
brushing his hair from his eyes
he gathers his belongings and sets out
upon his destined journeys

04/10/2005

Cocoon

inside where the warmth envelops my soul
the outside is a silvery thread of existence
each passing wind of encounters
and of interactions with others
seem to weave a new thread of cord

where this cord leads I ponder
to emerge within this world
as I know
or into the unknown of the next



I thought by now I should awake
maybe the dormant fears of my own
keep me wrapped in this web
or is....could it...be meant to be?

I continue to rest upon the tree of life
knowing that soon I will emerge
but where that leads I am not sure
but I am me

and for that I like me...ever changing
ever transforming
ever learning
to keep the threads building

11/16/2006

ATTENTION

Do you notice each week there is a cute couple sitting together, they seem to be in love, a small side dish and a drink or two, but together, arm around arm they listen, they applaud, I can't tell you their names, but they are there week after week Do you notice that there a few sit where they always sit, it is almost like if they did not sit there, then the atmosphere would not be the same, and to be honest, not sure we know each others names

Every week there are a few who come in early, grab a soft drink and make the rounds, you see them moving from table to table, of course we know their names, as the are ones that read every week

Then of course they are here, they have to be, the bring us our drinks, they bring us our food, and they do it for a living, as they wait on our needs and grab our desires, but do we really know their names? Do we even really care how they are doing and if they had a good day or not?

Then of course there's the normal, well, maybe not the right word, but the usual emcee of the night, who fills us with entertainment, laughter and sort of is the glue the binds the evening into one big package of art, and yes, we know his name, but do we really know him?

Did you notice that on one of the pictures on the wall is a reference to marijuana? Yep, its says something about celebrating 4:20, and if you don't know that term, then you probably don't know about pot, and that's ok, but did you ever notice it?

Did you notice that some tables have peeling away action going on, and it makes me wonder, how many conversations, crying, drinking, eating, or whatever went on at that table, and did we ever notice?

And now comes the list, the one with long hair, the one with short hair, the one with too many piercings that there would not be enough Excedrin to stop the pain, the one who focus seems to be on lost love, or the one who is angry with life, or the one who is missing a friend, or the one who is leaving us soon, or the art that hangs on the wall, or the waiter who wears the same shirt each Wednesday, or the patron who only orders the same item week after week, or the one who has a new date each week, or the one who is sitting alone who normally has a friend with them? Or the table that is wobbly, or the bathroom toilet that is easier to flush than the other? Or the type of music that is always playing in the kitchen? Did you notice any of those?

You may ask why this is being said, or you may be bored, but if you have listened to me thus far, then you are paying attention... and this is what it is about...attention

Do you realize we spend 2-3 hours a week, 10 hours a month, 120 hours a year, which would break down to 5 days a year, and do we ever really pay attention and notice the moment for what it is?

Can you imagine spending 5 days with someone, not knowing their names, or caring enough to say hi, or noticing that they exist? When we pay attention to life and what is going on in the moment, then the beauty is a transfusion which brings us back around to being alive....

Attention...it's a work of art

11/04/2004

FRIDAY NIGHT FRIENDS

Friday night friends sitting around the house
talking and smoking a few all wondering how long it's been

sharing from the heart boys just being boys
speaking our minds fitting into a part

losing our sense of self merging into a collective
riding the wave of masculinity it was magik we all felt

bonding with the cohesion of testosterone forgetting we laid ourselves bare
upon feelings we never share freeing ourselves beyond the known

forgetting our vulnerabilities we all took something away



that was deep and beyond uttering reaching past our sensibilities

that feeling of being young open to ideas and fresh experiences
not afraid to act or reach for the stars it was a song waiting to be sung

a distant star shining bright illuminating our hidden desires
leading us to our dreams something new within our sight

making us choose our path moving nearer to the road we want
sealing our fate in that moment bathing us in our minds wrath

taking away a new found freedom stretching forth our wings of manhood
flying away with all our strength fellowshiping with our friends...for we all need
them

forgetting not what we shared knowing it was them that helped
setting us free to pursue our reality only because we dared
sensing because they cared holding fast to all that was shared

10/02/2004

SEED CORN

grasped in her hand as if she were holding a sacred relic
was a cardboard sign
no one seemed to notice her

yellow scarf wrapped around her wrinkled neck
a red pull over sweater enveloped her upper torso
faded black slacks that were now a muted gray
and no one noticed her

once she was a star...maybe not on a high level
none the less she was a star
the gift illuminated that she offered
and no one noticed her

blackened sidewalks of wind blown debris gathered at her feet
fitting for one who had been thrown away
and yet...no one noticed her

a tear fell from her face
an offering which went unnoticed
a drop in a pool offered by many
but going unnoticed by all

her wrinkled gnarled hands grasped the cardboard sign
words written by blood stained hands
and on a corner where traffic crawled by
I don't think any one noticed her

beat up, chipped, and worn curb-sides had others
all women holding those cardboard signs
not a lot, but scattered around towns across America
and no one noticed them

shrouded ghost images clutched blood stained cardboard signs
all offering tears
and no one noticed

it was if the passer-byers CHOOSE not to see
and I wondered how long these ghost women would stand
with their signs...their tears...before anyone would notice
the cardboard signs written with blood stained words that read...

America's children are dying with no future...STOP WAR...Seed corn must not be
planted

11/30/2004

NOVEMBER'S THAW

Beneath the November snow is a dream frozen
animated in spring which now seems abandoned
extinguished by words others uttered
that should have been ignored

wrapped around a passion of fire
a dream awaits the thaw
that can only come from within
and the snow struggles to snuff it out

a voice inside the throat
awaits a guttural release
expelled from the diaphragms force
from a rage of repressed years

rattled by an accidental adventure
that voice from long ago is faintly heard
cries for the child to wake from it's slumber
and the end of the year awaits a decision

a child like star gaze
touched by the angel of wishes
cannot lay down forever
frozen by tears of desertion
that only a November thaw can melt

can destiny be forsaken more than once
before it's extinguished forever
or can a voice from long ago be allowed to speak
even in November

November's thaw weeps for birth

11/27/2004



WALKING IN THE RAIN

a Vietnamese girl is looking for Ho in the rain
washing away the moments we shared
sipping a hot cup of tea
sharing space with idleness
as if we were best friends

"I have this feeling," he spoke filling a void vast as the sea
spilling over as you step in the puddle

lets go this way
chance encounters enters a new dimension that lost in a language not yet spoken

blue lights echo off the yellow walls and a voice shatters the illusion
waking up on a river of dreams meant to expand

one should live where the soul is in harmony and not torn between two places

silence

snuggled with loneliness and making love to emptiness giving birth to no one
living to die

and sitting next to you I can't speak the words
I've waited a lifetime to say

riding on an ocean a universe away I find I still have not
found what I've been looking for

peering into the green water through slats built to protect I'm free to swim the ocean
made of tears from our separation

a black silk scarf hangs over the bird cage casting an eerie scene
life is like that seen through sheer fabric an allusion of what is

and I wonder what if we peer through the veil
if we can fly away from our cage

11/07/2004

WHY ART IS ART

Words not vocalized lay motionless on the canvas
in a gallery in upstate New York

many have been moved by this expression
exhibited throughout Europe and Spain
it now rests upon nails on a bare white wall in New York

squared in nature
it vibrated an inaudible tone
that resonates in each viewer's soul
some have been known to cry

a young child in its mothers arm
reached to feel the cobalt blue acrylic
those standing near by were in awe
as his tiny fingers moved away from that touch

he let out a sigh and cooed with one tear drop falling from his right eye
age was not an issue with how this art moved people inwardly

the artist had captured what many obviously had secretly desired
rich mixtures of blue, yellow and white
were meticulously layered upon the canvas

1037 miles away in some Midwestern rural town
a young musician was surfing the web
when he came across this image of art

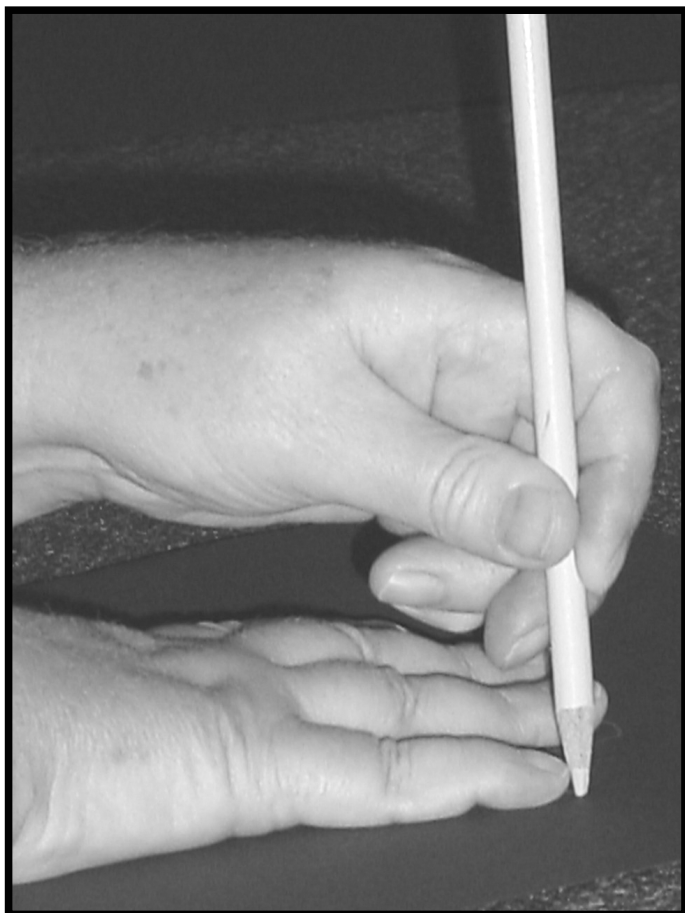
as a tear left his cheek
he grasped his guitar
and begun to play a melody that made those around stop and listen

the guitarist played that stringed instrument as if he were making love to it
his long brown hair tossed as his head rocked to the rhythm
with eyes closed you could tell by the tension upon his face that...
each note had meaning...each chord had purpose
when he finished his body was soaked with sweat
those around had the feeling that they had just been made love to with sound

no one spoke...no one moved

the painting...a naked man and woman passionately embraced upon a floating lotus
flower
the song...Ode to Joy

01/04/2005



WINDS OF CHANGE

Did you ever notice how the wind sweeps in and out
but never seen yet it is refreshing re energizing
and even carries things further along than before?

creativity is like that
in its divineness it enters our lives
changes the present and sometimes
carries us beyond our present condition

It moves from the oddest places
through even the most unlikely of persons
and sometime when we least expect it

oh we can be stubborn and fight it wrestle it twist it and damn it
we resist it as if we could fight with the intangible

creativity is a gift
changes are inevitable it has not shape
no form no visible sign
but it's the most powerful divine supernatural
entity in our midst

and when we embrace it when we flow with it
we find our lives moving in the direction of our heart desires
our dreams
and yes, we become who we really are

oh yes, have you ever tried to change its direction?
never realizing it was leading us where we should be?
this is always where we need to be
where we exist as we were created to be
becoming true alive real ourselves

wrestling instead of embracing
fighting instead of accepting
moving instead of flowing
hurting instead of loving
defying instead of adoring

winds of change
creativity in its glory

becoming our true nature
explore this surge
plunge into its depthness
and become who you truly are
that is our life
that is where we are
that is the winds of creativity

10/04/2004

LAUNDRAMAT SUNDAY

Sun beats down upon the laundromats concrete parking lot
a few flies and discarded soft drink crates sit nearby

they share my space this Sunday afternoon
as I sit and smoke and write a few words

cars buzz by as if they don't notice that life is going on and some don't care

perspiration oozes from my skin making me sticky and somewhat uncomfortable
as I inhale my cig...my parched throat pants for moisture

walking back in to check my clothes I notice a nice looking Asian man whom I could
devour in bed...but not today

for today these words I must write has my focus
the ink glides along the lined page as if I really know what I want to say so much has
been going through my mind these past few weeks and writing it down on paper
maybe what I need to see what is really going on

this Sunday afternoon is somewhat relaxing finally got my house back in order
after a 3 week yard sale from hell, but the gang all pitched in and it was a success
so now is the time to get ready for the trip

new clothes...new words to share all packaged away to be unwrapped in a couple of
weeks

New voice...new found words to go along with my new makeover so it seems

these past two weeks have been hard writing about old wounds that need to be put to
rest

of old friends that may never be seen

seeing things I was denying for weeks

old patterns that needed to be broke some which were painful to look at

but at times a mirror is good...especially when your 42lbs lighter
but as my clothes sit and spin I know too that I am being cleansed
who knows who will appreciate the new me now But I for one will appreciate the
new cleansed...refreshed me

maybe another Sunday afternoon I'll be with someone else instead of at the
laundromat writing down words so it goes with the pattern of life

new clothes...new roads...new expressions waiting to be uttered Living life is good
instead of being a passerby though at times it is good to sit...watch...and reflect

well it's about that time...so I will stop for now
but again soon this pen will be clothing a waiting naked sheet of paper
and who knows what that will be about

07/16/2004

PROTAGONIST CHALLENGE

silence invades the dwelling
causing seized melodies to vaporize
where once space endured delight
now lay abandoned

mortals wait for the crusade
favorable ones tread forth
aspire for the honor
lost amid the chaos
honor is dead

sanctum sought
a journey is foretold
interior cognition calls forth
concealed illusions gather of disregarded paragons
emptied vases mandated

anguished confusion arrested
shaken off ambitions of youth require conclusion
terminal promises position themselves
engagement now commences in the fourth dimension
no time for withdrawal

nimble cerebrations asked for
canvassed judicious souls beckon for action
the fellowship awaits for ballast
you are the elect upon the pedestal you wait for resolution

brush aside your suppressions
summon forth your courage
motivated determination required
the combat ensues for the protagonist
expiration not granted...you must deliver

a brother existed
immobilized by your posture
altered conduct essential if you are to be whole
delayed prospects are foolhardy
Lacking in magnanimity you weep for all

emerge o'soul...come hither
honor looks with favor upon your noble deeds...if you turn now
emerge o'soul....emerge

12/19/2004

60 Acres

growing up poor but not in spirit
simple ways for a rural family of five
our nearest neighbor was a mile away
our farm was second generation of tenants

chickens in the cage....pigs in the pen
my dog would chase the cows
all over our 60 acres spread
and I would play next to our barn
where I would find
my grandmothers mother's headstone
among the weeds

my grandmother first came to this land
as a small girl riding in a covered wagon
from the hills of Arkansas she rode
to the open red dirt land called Oklahoma

working in the Frates grove
picking fruit in the lil country orchid
she toiled away...her and her two sisters
it was there her father would find
his second wife so young and fine

near the land she arrived so young
would she buy a parcel from her dead husbands pension
it was there my father was born
and it was where my brother and sister and I would call home

01/29/2007



Being Third

laughing and yelling asking it again
round the circle we would go
first my brother, then my sister
and I was always third

third in line third in question
being third meant I came in last
third place at our table
never getting seconds
being third meant I would always be...
just me being third

in our small rural school
I had the same teachers
1-2-3...I was the third they taught
I had to live up to my brother and sisters legacy
never could I be me
I was always being third

football, baseball and basketball
we all took our swing
never could I become more
as they were better than me
I got the hand-me-down gloves, shoulder pads, and cleats
I never knew what new would feel like

brother had his first child
then my sister...she had two
I always had girlfriends and...
been engaged three times
its all about being third
three times I tried
but learned my lesson
and I will always keep it real

yet three is a good number
three chances to be heard
three times the family love
third time is the charm
and I fit nicely in our family puzzle

02/14/2007

Evening

late in the afternoon
waiting on the front porch
knowing the evening chores would come soon
my grandmother would whistle and sing
next to the old oak tree where the family dog lay

wild oats and alfalfa hay
would we throw in our fields
riding the barbed wire fence line
that's how our family would end the day
feeding the chickens and cows

toiling the dirt in our new spring garden
planting seeds for the fall canning
mending fence with my rugged ole granddad
under the hot sun would we sweat
waiting for the next chore to be done

grass and high weeds would grow
in my field of imaginary stage
the cows grazing in the back forty
my sister and I would play
running and falling all over our country farm

late that night watching Gunsmoke and Tom Jones
would we rest our feet next to the fireplace
making light of our simple lives

01/29/2007



Family Music

amidst the records in my family are...

daddy sang bass

and my daddy frank played the guitar

my sister was not a flower on the wall

and I know my mamma tried

but I just wanted to play

with Puff the magic dragon

you see we didn't have much

but our music held us together

through the pain and the fights

not much for us to hang on to

but the music we had...made us one

my daddy always said "if I had a hammer"

he could fix all the problems

when I was sad my sister cheered me up

she would just send in the clowns

my brother was a piano man

who could gather us around for a family sing along

but for me

I was always just a daydream believer

when my grandmother died

I wondered if the circle would be unbroken

you see it left my granddad a solitary man

I was just stuck in Folsom Prison

wishing I was wasted again in Margaritaville

it was just like Sunday morning coming down

you see on our farm

we worked hard

together we made it

our music just made it easier

02/05/2007

Lil Angel No More

playing cards in my room
upon the corduroy bedspread we sat
my cousin and I
waiting for the morning wake

oh death come near
take our sorrow and tears
our precious angel is no more
oh death come near
his mom is gone
and I don't know
why she had to bare this sickness

he cries and remains bitter
I make light to try and make him laugh
I hated to see his pain and loss
my cousins sorry rests heavy
upon the shallow breath we share

oh death come near
take our sorrow and tears
our precious angel is no more
oh death come near
his mom is gone
and I don't know
why she had to bare this sickness

a white casket adorned with pretty flowers
all of us clad in black
the preacher asks us to bow and pray
I hear the the soft sound of the cries
asking God why our
lil angel is no more

oh death come near
take our sorrow and tears
our precious angel is no more
oh death come near
his mom is gone
and I don't know
why she had to bare this sickness

01/29/2007



The Hands

lil hand wrapped around a bigger one
leading and showing me the way
he was proud of his lil son
and he showed it in many different ways
and didn't quit until it was done

his big hand wrapped around mine
would teach me to pray
and taught me to fish with a good line
and all throughout the day
I knew a dad I could call mine

off to school would I go
reading writing all in a day
come home to my dog
and my dad to tell of my day

he knew she must be special
in her I told of her beauty
and dreamed to someday hold her and nestle
he would grin and say some day
some day my son

days pass and it was known it would
my hands would wrap around his
I mustered all I could and proud I stood
in his last breath I could hear him say
his son had done him good

02/14/2007

Young Widow

Young widow take heart
your small child awaits
the gentle touch of her dear mother's hands
she waits for her dad who won't er' return

a dust bowl sorrow blows
between dust and leaves
she scatters her poor husbands ashes
across the field that now lay barren

Young widow take heart
your small child awaits
the gentle touch of her dear mother's hands
she waits for her dad who won't er' return

he worked the telephone lines
bare hands and sweat were his working tools
down a lonesome dirt road
in a small town in Oklahoma
he met his Lord alone and dark

Young widow take heart
your small child awaits
the gentle touch of her dear mother's hands
she waits for her dad who won't er' return

in the fields of alfalfa where the wind made waves
she worked from dust till dawn
making a home for her fatherless child
born from the remnants of tears

Young widow take heart
your small child awaits
the gentle touch of her dear mother's hands
she waits for her dad who won't er' return

the sun sets upon an earthen mound
fresh dirt on top holds...
a dream that's laid to rest
and in the wind you can hear
a dirge from a single woman cries

Young widow take heart...your small child awaits
the gentle touch of her dear mother's hands
she waits for her dad who won't er' return

01/29/2007



Red Haired Dream

she had red hair and freckles to match
met her in the high school gym
it was her eyes I prayed I could catch
with her I knew my heart could mend

she was my high school love
but I was too shy to even ask
I daydreamed and prayed to God above
but she just moved too fast
my high school love was one question away

football practice was rough and hard
we all looked forward to Friday night
going the distant yard by yard
if we won it meant I just might
get my red haired maiden if I could just drop my guard

she was my high school love
but I was too shy to even ask
I daydreamed and prayed to God above
but she just moved too fast
my high school love was one question away

she sat two rows ahead of me
on that night we all graduated
in some ways it just was not to be
it all came down to me being infatuated
with a red haired dream

she was my high school love
but I was too shy to even ask
I daydreamed and prayed to God above
but she just moved too fast
my high school love was one question away

02/19/2007

With Amazing Grace

with Amazing Grace and Bringing In The Sheaves
I would rest my head
upon my grandmothers lap
drifting away as she sang

early morning rise as the rooster crows
wiping my lil eyes I could begin to smell
the coffee perking and the bacon frying
eggs and biscuits awaiting us each Sunday morn

with Amazing Grace and Bringing In The Sheaves
I would rest my head
upon my grandmothers lap
drifting away as she sang

riding to the country church on Sunday morn
inside the truck were my grandpa and grandma
the cab would shake and brake
upon the gravel dirt roads

with Amazing Grace and Bringing In The Sheaves
I would rest my head
upon my grandmothers lap
drifting away as she sang

hellfire and brimstone stories would be told
preached each week by the preacher man
squirring in the pew my grandma
would rub my back and give me a lifesaver
looking out the colored glass windows
I swore I saw the angels sing

with Amazing Grace and Bringing In The Sheaves
I would rest my head upon my grandmothers lap
drifting away as she sang

handshakes and local gossip chatter
awaited outside after the alter call
running in the courtyard with my friends
I would play and laugh waiting for the lunch time pot luck

with Amazing Grace and Bringing In The Sheaves
I would rest my head upon my grandmothers lap
drifting away as she sang

01/29/2007

SUMMER THEME

driving in the car
listening to the song
which became our summer theme
the words were magik lifting our spirits
made it easier to share in our dreams

sun shone brighter on those days
I seemed to be carefree and light
a door opened up so we could explore

walking down the street
laughing as we strolled
no cares or bothers
bystanders were just a blur

each day was a new adventure
never lacking of time
for it was on our side
caught up in the summer fun

concerts in the park, beers after dark
late night rap sessions by the lake
cemented memories greeted the early dawn
of course our song to carried us home

rolled down windows traveled along a highway
our hair blown by the wind against the rhythm
and our song...played over and over
till we could sing it all alone

a few weeks before fall
we knew it would end
we held true to each dying summer moment

in the winter buried beneath the snow
a ray of sunshine creeped out
the radio played out song
I closed my eyes to be with you again

driving in the car, listening to our song
which became our summer theme
magik words lifted our spirits
made our dreams easier to share

11/06/2004

UNDER STAND

They danced upon the streets
marched and sang their songs
celebrated the life of one who understood
in commemoration of the American Ghandi

he said read this
he wanted us to understand this,
we were to understand peace,
we could understand compassion for your enemies

America use to stand for freedom
now it seems we are UNDER stand
under compassionate
under peaceful
under standing for nothing

compassion is for those with like minds
that twists the words and meaning of a saint
they propagate ideologies
that they have no understanding with

all the while the words of Martin go awry
I wonder if he looked down today and cried
I wonder if he held Matthew in his arms today
he wanted us to put all jealousies aside

he said read this
he wanted us to understand this,
we were to understand peace,
we could understand compassion for your enemies

I wonder if he looked down today and cried

01/17/2005

LONG TIME COMING

Long time coming
said by you as if we were on a path
but to me it was an intersection
I'd prayed, hoped and waited for this
you asked of my new interests
and I could tell you cared
I was awkward and so were you

paths-parallel on some levels
but on different planes as well
struggling to find the niche
which only brings more awkwardness
but I can say
it was good to hear your voice and connect again
to a distant remembering

regurgitated words not yet digested
embarrassing as it may
but its all here on a plate...running over...spilling
but we don't bring our awareness to the table

but I can say...the partial lunch hour we shared on the phone
was nice to converse again
healing time may bring more...or not
and that is fine
at least it was a chance to talk again

09/26/2004

THE CHAIR

Across the aisle in a wooden desk you sit
mixed words from thoughts not spoken exist
your long brown hair and short halter top
has my attention instead of the lesson

marched cadence in the halls between class
roar of chatter fills our heads with noise
choked words get garbled and come out all wrong
you wince or did you grimace either way you laughed

in the bottom of my stomach are twisted knots
caused by your essence that affects me much
surely you must feel what it is I am talking about
because you ever so slightly nod and grin when I am around

friday night football games and your in the crowd
I squeezed in between you and your friends
hoping that we might share in some idle talk
but you are too involved watching your brother score

later that night in the parking lot walking to our cars
I get the nerve and ask you out for pizza and coke
you said no...but hesitated long enough to make note
that some day soon you will be able to go out again

but this night your home taking care of your lil brother
who is dying of cancer and may not make it through the night
and it was then I knew you never really ignored me after all
you just had too much on your mind to see my silly games

you and your family moved after the funeral that fall
and I never knew where you went or how you fared
but there are times I get the notion and remember
the day I first saw you in that chair

01/17/2005

GO AHEAD...BUST MY BUBBLE

go ahead ... bust my bubble

give me a note and it can do the trick
simple words...misconstrued thoughts
it's all a game to those who's got the shtick
packaged up and sold just as you bought

go ahead ... bust my bubble
it's been done before
even when it is just as subtle
it was you evening the score

timeless passages...recurring scenes
some say it's a cycle...I just say it's mean
go head it seems you already spilled the beans
don't come near me again...

go ahead ... bust my bubble
it's been done before
even when it is just as subtle
it was you evening the score

you're up on stage trying to sell it again
all pretty and dressed up like Halloween
simple request an offered hand was meant to lend
but no you had other secrets not meant to be seen

go ahead ... bust my bubble...it's been done before
even when it is just as subtle...it was you evening the score

misplaced trust...unexpected turns
clever thoughts construed to mislead
as if you're the teacher trying to make me learn
and why did you ever construct this deed

go ahead ... bust my bubble...it's been done before
even when it is just as subtle...it was you evening the score

silly me holding out for hope...when it appears it was never real
maybe because you're strung out on dope...and I thought it was real kewl deal
funny...but go ahead...bust my bubble

01/20/2005

CIRCLE OF LIFE

Round circle of poets
As in the lion king story
We all bring something to the table

Rick Ruppel remembering his first love, something we all believe in
JR remembering his grandmother something we all want again
Jordon Cody reminding us how growing up can be perplexing
Or SeaCrab showing us we can all overcome if we believe in ourselves
Jonathan Bryant shows us the frailty of life as when a good friend dies too early
Coffee shows us the sensual side of women and how strong they can be
Male Sky shows us how our faith either grows or shatters in the ordinary of life

Rhapsody sings a serenade of acceptance for all people

JC shows us the reality of family in prose

Shunu rhymes us in ways to awaken what we have forgotten

Paula brings a majestic transformation being able to express masculinity into a
feminine perspective

Each poet shows us life and it circles us all
Each is unique Each flows into the other Showing us the oneness

From Nixon's trek for love
To Chris's prose for the present moment
Tapestry trueness of weaving it all into a focalized poem
And then there's Natawn
Going deeper where we have not gone before
Or Magus whose magic is what it is all about

And then there's Jack and Carol
Who kept it alive for us today

And then as the blows and the storm clears Upon the horizon are the new ones
The new ones ,who shall sit at this table When we are but portraits upon the wall
At the round table of poets... The circle of life

05/17/2004

NOUNS

it was 1:24 in the morning
and GOD knows why
but we were talking about...nouns

"you know it sounds more like a noun,"

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Yeah, its a noun now...instead of ...oh yeah...instead of a proper noun."

nouns are a funny lil creature
popping up when least expected...unless it's 1:24 in the morning
then it's all about...nouns

proper nouns
misplaced nouns...and you know they end up on a milk carton in VERB HELL

parallel nouns
improper nouns
noun predicates...those nasty lil predicators
there should be a law against predicators

noun synonyms
noun agreements
OH GOD SAID, "Where 2 or more nouns exist, if they speak...so shall it be
so we best keep nouns apart
for you know nouns procreate
yep, yes sir
they make so many nouns that their called a typical catholic noun family
after all...the POPE....he's a NOUN

it's a mad mad noun conspiracy I tell you
so YOU best be aware of nouns...especially at 1:24 in the morning
or they will take over the whole sentence structure
they are so egotistical
it's all about them...NOUNS

10/17/2004

A-Z

all boys can't deny
every feeling going
horizontal in jagged kaleidoscope
lengthy manners
negotiates ominous preposterous quagmire
really
something there
usually varies
whimsically x-raying
yellow zig zags
11/30/2004

AWAKEN ME O' MUSE

You sit there upon the bed
writing what will bring awe to my mind

in the camera lens I capture what seems to be pure love
wanting to melt into you and merge but not sure how

picture upon picture you let me take
its as if I'm hungry and nothing satisfies my hunger as you

but when you speak you awaken something inside me
buried so long ago...I push away...I run away
but your words stop me and awaken me to life

Awaken me o' muse awaken me again.

I wonder why you care...I ponder why you dare
I disbelieve but you stir my soul with truth

I ask not what I question...but wonder
why you let me sit at your feet in awe
let me capture you on camera
wonder why you care...but secretly I must confess

it is you that has awaken my past
it is you who makes it fresh and alive

and...you ask nothing of me

yet I owe you so much

04/15/2004



Shades of Gray

he sees shades of gray
where others encounter Technicolor lines
no black and white aspects for him
just shades of gray

that is why boundaries...walls...dotted map lines are his saving graces
others can operate outside the lines
but for him...outside is pure risk
risk that he will become ill timed
as he doesn't see the obvious
all he sees are shades of gray

lil girl with her tag-a-long brother
she guides him when he does not know the way
he's never known the way...he's left alone with gray
left alone...he would wander off and not be seen
left alone with his curious imagination
left alone to go where he should not have gone

maps keep this lil boy in line
clear cut explanations are best
Ccut and dried...for he understands that
mis-fired signals twists and shuts down his cerebral functions
left alone he makes wrong conclusions
for him life is full of shades of gray
totally run together with no symmetry

it's not monochrome he experiences, for colors are vibrant to him
but there is no boundary...there are no dotted lines... all becomes shades of gray

all he has is curiosity...imagination...misfired thoughts

jumbled world...jumbled edges...jumbled lives
he keeps quiet...hopes for some one to open the map
sometimes he panics...can't move...he does not want the consequences
shades of gray keeps him at a distance
shades of gray become his folly, others think he is unfledged...he is not
merely he's a reflection of shades of gray

05 January 2005

Morning Ice

Ice binds to the pavement this morn
somatesthesia of frigidness surrounded me
I lay motionless with meditative thoughts
blocked in through numerous ways
probing for a ray of temperateness somewhere

external rhythms from ice peppered the window
an orchestra of nature
this melodious sound complimented by sunrise java

thawed sentiments commenced with each drink
as I mulled over the previous nights warmth
she lay enfolded around my thighs
aroused...she countenanced an agreement
her lingua warmed my rage

with an arch of her dorsum I took her unto my chest
she clawed my back with penetrated nails
as I savagely worked her waiting body
morning offerings...morning passion...added to the rhythm of the storm outside
I imbued her with my own offerings
she did so in such a fain way

her long brown hair lay upon my thighs
ss I softly run my fingers through her hair
she consumed my own wine of love

this dawn of passion is willed to me this morn
and I am breathless from her osculation

ice binds to the pavement this morn
I lay motionless with meditative thoughts



05 January 2005

Young War

You're so young
your face is as soft as a baby's bottom
dressed up like its Halloween
and I bet you have no hair on your balls
the man who sent you to war
has kept you from seeking bush

your too damn young to be dressed in camouflage brown
holding your gun tighter than you've grabbed your own dick
on the outside of your flak jacket is a ball point pen
no doubt to pen your last words... which comes 60 years to early

I count the freckles on your face and hands
and no doubt won't get them all before you are laid 6 feet under

dying...
under laid
under drunk
under divorced
under indebted
under employed
under children

we laid you to rest before you could start
and gawddammit it was not me who robbed you of your life

but the man whose name you did not get to explore sex
you, under sexed by a man who got his jollies by playing war
for he skipped out on his own tour
only to send you on yours
this led to your being laid 6 feet under

I look at your picture and cry
for you died before living

30 October 2004

RAIN

did not know if you wanted to be left alone
you said no
but the moon said yes

you played your guitar till the owls closed their eyes
your soul spilled out as if a pool of blood
your limp twisted body was worn
and I knew not

revolution/evolution
misconstrued communication
you say it all
when you say nothing at all

I feel your pain
I cry inside for the tears you don't shed
but when you speak
you open up the heavens with rain

Rain on me

Rain on you

Rain...Rain...Rain falls

12 October 2004

SILENCE CAN BE VIOLENT

your silence is haunting
leaving me feeling as if what was shared was for nothing.

I saw openness in sharing of dreams.
I felt you cared that my words did not fall upon deaf ears.
encouraging supporting statements of my art and talent
made me feel nice...worthy...appreciated.
our openness in talking intimately of our hurts, pain, lives, dreams, ideas
seemed to be an invitation withdrawn to quickly to look within and be friends.
where did this comfortable feeling go?
does it even exist or will exist again or did it even exist at all?

this silence is
leaving me questioning...what it all meant?
or why this bonding seemingly might never be valued again?
why?
how come?
please explain...seems to fall down at your feet...never to be looked at.
stepped over, acknowledged not, by your silence.

this silence makes me wonder...why you dared?
if you really never cared to begin with?
this feeling of I don't deserve an explanation...how can ONE not show pity on the
wounded?

silence can be violent...or it can be bliss...
but this silence leaves me asking for answers I do not have.
I wonder when you will care enough to answer them without silence?

05 October 2004

The Fight Is On

blank pages stare at me as if they want to take me out

and the fights on

the pen spreads the blood of ink of wounds that seem buried not yet ready to be
written

and the fights on

yet at times the white space wins that door to my memories
lay locked tighter than the noose awaiting me in my closet at home
and at times I see scenes that bring up a flood of memories
but when I pick up the pen they scurry off howling at me
taunting me and the door slams shut leaving me in the corner confused alone
waiting for those images which only comes out when I least expect

and the fights on

times I just watch let them play out as kids on the jungle gym
waving at me to join them and play but I shake my head
and walk away for those memories don't have the hold
on me as they use to and I can write about them now
yet

the fights on

and I know those words will never be written they don't have to be for I need the
white spaces

and the fights on

maybe its the empty space that allows those memories to last or maybe by not
writing them out they live another day but thats not the truth

and the fights on

truth is in that those memories are back there and I am here...where I want to be and
those memories are not worthy of wasting white space

and the fights on

white empty space is for the new images that I am waiting for to show their face and
I wait for that is where
the fight is on the fight is on and so it goes and the fight is on

01 September 2004

Dirt Dreams

walking to go nowhere
a friend said to me
I dress well for a STR8 guy but I think with my poetry and style
people think I am gay...not that that is bad
and I had to speak up and say...
"Hell no it's not a bad thing to be gay, its just a lonely thing..."

sitting just to sit...watching a DVD about Porto Rican poetry
admiring the honesty spoken but when it's my turn to speak
I close up like a virgin in a pew in a Baptist church

always outside looking in...while I know i have the key
but it seems I'm denying me entry into my own space
WHY?

silencing the dream is familiar to this country boy
who had..., high rise, high hopes
pie in the sky dreams
that seemed to end in a fairytale w/no morals or plot
a loop of illusions with no substance

digging in a barren land will yield no fruit
unless you are into dirt...and what is dirt?
other than the remains of those who struggled before us
wrestling with the same thoughts/ideas we spew out nightly

so let me lay naked in the dirt...rolling with my relations
until the dirt clothes my body and I walk forward
making all our dreams come true

carrying on as if I stopped...I'd lose my place in this cosmic dream
awakening options asking what would I see?
Would you all still be here? or...Are you all passing thoughts in my
illusion/delusion

Teetering with reality resting on a pin head, I don't care
for in this moment...I am alive

20 August 2004

I WONDER

It's a cool breezy rainy foggy Saturday morn cleaning up after a dinner party
and in the quietness of the moment I find I miss your presence

I remember anticipating the Saturday morning calls oatmeal breakfast before the
street reading
speaking into a microphone as cars drive by
or capturing you and JR on film as you sat near the water falls
the fellowship afterwards at the Red Cup with a few other poets
I miss believing in those moments, as they were delightful
and I wonder if you miss those moments too

It's not a longing nor is it painful, nor does it ache to reflect today
for I am over that aspect of things it is more like a reflection in the pool of time
that is nice to look at again from time to time and remember the joy we shared
not only with each other but with our other mutual friends
and I wonder if you miss those moments too

I sit here drinking coffee and smoking a cig classic rock music on the radio plays
I remember a Saturday we sat and drank coffee and smoked cigarettes
we talked openly of our lives, our plans and just basked in the moment of fellowship
a bond was made that now seems disjointed
a Saturday I know I enjoyed for we connected on so many levels
and the happiness we felt in talking and sharing in that moment
it was a bond that seemed to compliment each other
and now I sit and reflect and think
I miss not being able to talk to you again
and I wonder if you miss those moments too

The dinner parties with our mutual friends
we ate, talked, laughed and had a few beers
we talked about so much with everyone
it was a moment that was enjoyed by all
but now the abandonment
leaves only a small reflection in the pond of time
but one that is nice to sit and look into on a day like to day
for in those memories are good times
and I know I miss not being able to call or talk with you again
and allow our talks to illuminate our life with inspiration
I wonder if you miss those moments too

I wonder if in time we might connect and talk again
and I wonder if you ever think of that too
for I feel our connection has not exhausted its life yet
but

I may never know but those were good times and I wonder if you ever wonder

24 July 2004

SECRETS

The secretness slowly silhouettes softness but yet tough
I seek and look but don't want to be seen

I sit and sigh...I feel again
and have thoughts
not uttered or spoken

yet I wait...
it's not lust
it's not love
but it is beauty

I wish to partake
I want to offer
and my heart pounds
as I yearn

how I wish
how I pray
I could utter
what I hold back

someday I hope
I can speak it
to experience it again

someday I will
some days I want
but today...I wait
and hold my thought

The Ones

Shall I play for him pah rum a pum pum
I remember the cold dark night
I lay on the floor upon my bum
wondering how one could be so right
did Mary know her sons fate

I remember identifying with the lil drummer boy
homeless, poor and giving from his heart
never knowing that I would be that boy
who would say I could be that smart

I wonder if in that delivery room
sounds be heard of the drum
when another light pushes out from the womb
but Matthew Shepard would be counted as one

martyrs for societies thoughts
should they live...should they die
each martyrs death points to another dot
we say we fight for freedom but that's a lie

David Rice would be counted as another
born right here in Oklahoma City
a cry would be heard from his mother
as the Trade Center fell in New York city

I wonder if society will have a chance
to prove that life can mean something
or is all of life some mystical dance
if only in our hearts our soul could sing

shall I play for him pah rump a pum pum



The Embrace

the movement of your hand in the secretness of the night
 led to me
 but also to my dreams

 reality of the dream
 caresses my needs...my desire

the movement of your tongue upon my sweaty body
 in the moonlights glow
 stills the dream

 time stood still as we made love
 upon my bed on that hot June night

the electricness of the spontaneity shocked my reality

 I wanted more than you
 but you gave to me my dream several times

 my dream fulfilled and so are my needs

June 1992

Acknowledgments

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“PPM”

Puff the Magic Dragon lyrics by Lipton/Yarrow *Cherry Lane Music Publishing Co., Inc. -ASCAP/WB Music Corp.-ASCAP*

If I Had a Hammer lyrics by Seeger/Hayes- *Ludlow Music Corp. - BMI*

500 Miles lyrics by Hedy West © *Atzal Music, Inc. - BMI*

Blowin in the Wind, lyrics by Bob Dylan- *Special Rider Music - SESAC*

Mark Maxey, Yuchi, enrolled with the Muscogee Creek Nation

Mark strives for uniqueness in each line he pens. Through his writing, he deals with sensitive issues with directness and understanding. From light hearted to serious, his poetry leads readers on a journey through an artist's mind. Along with his artistry, he is a brilliant organizer and dedicated friend. His words will take you into a strong heart and a deliberate mind. -stated by John W. Reagor, Jr.

Mark is an artist utilizing his talents through poetry, graphic arts, and photography. He spends his time in Oklahoma City working with others to improve and grow the artists community within Oklahoma. He serves on several art boards and volunteers his time teaching meditation and producing artists workshops. He is also a legal assistant with a law firm.



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Dharma Seeds Foundation
Post Office Box 61175
Oklahoma City, OK 73146-1175
<http://dharmaseeds.st-raphael-monastery.org>